

# The Rensselaer Journal.

(SUCCESSOR TO THE PEOPLE'S PILOT.)

VOL. VI

RENSSELAER IND., THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1897.

NUMBER 50.

## MONON ROUTE

CHICAGO, INDIANAPOLIS, CINCINNATI, LAFAYETTE, LOUISVILLE, WEST BADEN, FRENCH LICK SPRINGS AND ALL POINTS SOUTH.

FRANK J. REED, G. P. A., Chicago.

### Moon Time Table No. 28, Corrected to February 1st, 1897.

NO. 28	NO. 29
Chicago, Ind. 10:30 a. m.	Chicago, Ind. 10:30 a. m.
Indianapolis, Ind. 11:30 a. m.	Indianapolis, Ind. 11:30 a. m.
Cincinnati, O. 12:30 p. m.	Cincinnati, O. 12:30 p. m.
Lafayette, Ind. 1:30 p. m.	Lafayette, Ind. 1:30 p. m.
Louisville, Ky. 2:30 p. m.	Louisville, Ky. 2:30 p. m.
West Baden, Ind. 3:30 p. m.	West Baden, Ind. 3:30 p. m.
French Lick Springs, Ind. 4:30 p. m.	French Lick Springs, Ind. 4:30 p. m.
Chicago, Ind. 5:30 p. m.	Chicago, Ind. 5:30 p. m.

### CHURCHES

**FIRST BAPTIST.** Preaching every two weeks, at 10:45 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Prayers at 7 p. m. C. E. Y. M. C. A. pastor.

**CHRISTIAN.** Corner Van Rensselaer and Susan. Preaching, 10:45 and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 9:30 a. m. Prayers, 7:30 p. m. C. E. Y. M. C. A. pastor.

**PRESBYTERIAN.** Corner Cullen and Angolia. Preaching, 10:45 and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 9:30 a. m. Prayers, 7:30 p. m. C. E. Y. M. C. A. pastor.

**METHODIST.** Preaching at 10:45 and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 9:30 a. m. Prayers, 7:30 p. m. C. E. Y. M. C. A. pastor.

**CHURCH OF GOD.** Corner Harrison and Kila. Preaching, 10:45 and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 9:30 a. m. Prayers, 7:30 p. m. C. E. Y. M. C. A. pastor.

**CHRISTIAN-BAPTIST CHURCH OF CHRIST.** Preaching every alternate Sunday, 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 9:30 a. m. Prayers, 7:30 p. m. C. E. Y. M. C. A. pastor.

**CATHOLIC CHURCH.** St. Augustine's. Services at 10 a. m. Sunday school, 9:30 a. m. Rev. Father Dickman.

### LODGES

**MASONIC.** PRAIRIE LODGE, No. 125, A. F. and A. M. meets first and third Mondays of each month. C. G. Spitzer, W. M.; W. J. Innes, Secy.

**EVENING STAR CHAPTER.** No. 41, O. E. S. meets first and third Mondays of each month. Nellie Hopkins, W. M.; Maud E. Spitzer, Secy.

**CATHOLIC ORDER FORESTERS.** Willard Court, No. 418, meets every first and third Sunday of the month, at 3 p. m. J. M. Healey, Secy.; Frank Malloy, Chief Manager.

**ODD FELLOWS.** IROQUOIS LODGE, No. 140, I. O. O. F. meets every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, at 7:30 p. m. W. E. Overton, N. G.; S. C. Irwin, Secy.

**RENSSELAER ENCAMPMENT.** No. 201, I. O. O. F. meets second and fourth Fridays of each month. T. J. Sawyer, C. P.; John Vannatt, Secy.

**RENSSELAER LODGE.** No. 444, meets first and third Fridays of each month. Mrs. Mattie Bowman, N. G.; Miss Alice Irwin, Secy.

**I. O. O. FORESTERS COURT JAS. PHILIP.** No. 104, Independent Order of Foresters, meets second and fourth Mondays, 8 p. m. G. H. C. R. J. W. Horton, Secy.

**THE WALLACE MACHINE & FOUNDRY CO.** MANUFACTURERS OF Structural Iron Work, Engines, Boilers, Shafting, Pulleys, Hangers and Brass and Iron Shaftings of every Description.

**ENGINE AND BOILER REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.**

**Second and Mechanic sts. LAFAYETTE, INDIANA. W. E. BROWN, D. D. S.**

**DENTIST.** Gold Fillings, Crown and Bridge Work, Teeth without Plates a Specialty. Gas or nitrous air administered for painless extraction of teeth. Give me a trial. Union Street Porter & Yeoman's.

### FROM GOODLAND.

Our Correspondent Comes to Time With a Newsworthy Letter.

Here is our 137, Mr. Clark. The prospects for a small fruit crop in this section is fairly good.

Farmers in this vicinity have long since finished planting corn.

Isn't it strange that when a groceryman retires from business that he weighs less than he did before.

Peter Brook has begun the excavation for a fine new house on the old mill site. The building will be of brick.

F. Leman, of Monon, has leased the blacksmith shop of H. Getting and will soon move his family to this place.

Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced. So, young man, make all your contracts with your best girl accordingly.

It is a mystery to some people why the city dads can't put about twelve inches more of gravel on the business streets. Some folks are tired of mud.

The C. & E. I. has made quite a change in its time card. The train that passed here at 2:22 p. m. for Chicago now goes at 10:30 a. m. and the one going to Brazil passes here at 4:30 p. m.

Now that the people of this division of the Pan Handle have received the accommodation of a Sunday train, we can't see why the company can't give us a one-fare rate for the round trip.

Thirteen cars of gravel has been received and is now being placed on our streets. The gravel is number one and the town board is having a first class job done in putting it on the streets.

Murray & Jockway, the new elevator men, succeeded in getting a fine well near their house one day last week at a depth of only thirty-two feet. The water comes within one foot of the top of the well.

An endorser of a note is exempt from liability if not served with notice of its dishonor within twenty-four hours of its non-payment in this state. Some in this section wish the time was twenty-three hours and forty-five minutes shorter.

Will that gentleman who holds the subscription paper for the base ball team that was made here last fall, please turn the same over to the proper authorities. He would oblige many subscribers here if he did.

That old gong at the crossing of the Pan Handle and Main street is out of repair most of the time. We suggest to the railroad company that they get a small boy and a dinner bell instead, as a danger signal.

A number of our select attended K. of P. exercises at Kentland Wednesday evening, and in return thirty or forty ladies, more or less, came up in a four horse rig and enjoyed a few hours with our K. of P. ladies.

Wouldn't it be nice to have a base ball team here this summer? We wish we had some one with ambition enough. We never did have an organization of the kind that amounted to more than one stick of Pepsin chewing gum.

It wouldn't be a bad idea to have our city marshal uniformed, would it? Let the town board make an order to this effect. Other towns with less population than ours do the like. As its a small expense, why not have some style about us.

The "good time" that wakes up in the morning and wonders where it was and who saw it and where all its money is gone; the "good time" that takes itself off with a headache—there's precious little fun in that. And, remember, it only takes a very little bitterness of that kind to poison and cloud the memories of your past. It doesn't take many such "good times," my boys, to mingle tears with your bread and gall with your drink.

The sting is the very smallest part of a bee, but when you pick him up by it, though the rest of the bee was as large as an omnibus horse, yet would the sting outweigh all the good, sweet, harmless, honey laden portion of the bee, and you would think of it oftener and longer. Remember this, young man.

Zip.

## REUBEN SEES CHICAGO.

A Rensselaer Citizen Gets into all Kinds of Trouble and Appeals for Aid.

HIS CHARITABLE IMPULSES IMPOSED UPON

Why He Should be Singled Out Among All the 300 Excursionists to Suffer, Bleed and Pay Police Fines, Calls for Explanation—Cites Witnesses, and Intimates There's More to Come.

[Of the 300 or more from this locality who joined the Chicago excursion last Sunday, the greater portion got safely home on time, but a few names add the list of "missing." From the following letter received by the editor of the JOURNAL it appears however, that one unfortunate remains there in duressville. The victim is a total stranger to us, but we are assured by several whose names are cited, that, so far as they are competent to recall the facts, they are about as related. We have assured him by letter that something would be done, but if not, for him to make a clean breast of his entire story in time for our next issue.]

Harrison St. Station, Chicago, May 31.

EDITOR RENSSELAER JOURNAL:

AL: This is a strange location for me, one of Rensselaer's promising citizens, but I'm going to make the best of it, and while waiting for some kind friend to furnish ball or take the police judge out for a drunk, (on me of course), I might as well tell you readers what a gay time us excursionists had. It may be of interest to those less deserving yet more fortunate than your humble correspondent.

Now I know I am not the best boy on earth or possibly in Rensselaer, though if I get out of here without too much waste of time and influence, I'll come back and go into the chattel mortgage business and be as respectable as anybody, but when I was down there joking with the crowd in and about the cars above the elevator Sunday morning I felt no bigger, nor no smarter than any of those other Rubes and Rubesses who will now be rubber-necking you to find out who I am. Well, they'd better not get too gay even if they be at home. I can't understand how I happened to land here, for I'm going to tell you the straight honest facts in the case and tell you every single thing I done, and cite you a few witnesses to prove it.

Sunday morning about eight o'clock I rode my wheel down to the depot, got my ticket, and then turned my wheel over to one of the kids who promised to take it home, but I expect he is riding it about town yet. I was one of the first ones up to the cars, where I just took possession of a good seat. But I got tired of holding that seat, with all the young bloods from ten miles around, as it seemed, swarming in, half of 'em I guess never was on the cars before, and the other half were regaling their virgin mouths with 6 for a nickel cigars and sizing up the young ladies as they came along.

It wouldn't be a bad idea to have our city marshal uniformed, would it? Let the town board make an order to this effect. Other towns with less population than ours do the like. As its a small expense, why not have some style about us.

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Zip.

be at home now instead of relating a tale of woe. I couldn't enjoy myself in those crowded cars, so I went back to the depot where Charley Blue was giving a crowd of his chums a few points on where not to go and what not to do, not turn to the right or to the left on leaving Dearborn depot, but keep straight up the middle of the road. That was good advice, and I heeded it too, as you will learn later on. As the train pulled in as you know an hour late before we started, the boys that were with me threw affectionate salutes to the girls standing about the water pipes on the corner. I felt then those boys were making a mistake in not taking their sweethearts along, although the girls "just knew" the boys were only going to see the ball game, and they didn't care to see games on Sundays.

In my car I was careful to find and keep in good company, and Ira Rinehart will swear that I did not take a single drink, nor he could not induce me to. I met my old rustic friend, Mr. Cate, Gumption by name, and for an hour we leisurely conversed about the craps, prospects for frosts, and probable rates of interest if the hens should quit laying, and other topics dear to the agricultural heart. Gumption had his Sunday clothes on, all but the hat and boots, he had heard that Chicago was a great place for sunstrokes and snakebites and so he just brought along his straw hat that when walking would fan his classic cheeks and play a sort of a Moorish tom tom over his expansive auditory appendages, but on no one else would such a crown piece be more becoming, and Gumption seemed to know it too. I have a right to mention these facts, incidentally by way of attesting that I was scrupulously guarded in the company I kept.

Like Joe Hammond, I came to Chicago to see Anson's Colts put it over the boys from Oysterville, unlike Joe, I got to the park all right. Joe told me just before leaving the train, hey had to see a friend down on lower State street about insurance, or something, and I learned later that he missed the game entirely, and drowned his disappointment in reckless extravagance at the dime museums on State and Clark streets. One of the boys (who came in here later looking for lost friends) told me Joe had been to see "Little Egypt" a couple of times already and for all he knew was there yet. Speaking of little Egypt, everybody on that train knows who she is, they all saw her up to the Globe Museum, and I'll leave it to ANY of the Rensselaer lady excursionists if the New York school principals were not about right in urging dismissal of the recent suit brought against the swell bloods who made up the Seeley Dinner crowd. I expect it was because cold type (or any other kind) could not describe her costume or poetic agility, as a dancer.

It was while on the way to see this show, that I myself got into trouble and the event of the day, as it proved for all the rest of our crowd, was thus denied me. 'Twas this way, I had been to the ball game, am sure of this, and I "rooted" because every body else was "rooting." I paid my good twenty-five cents for standing room out near Thornton's territory, expecting to find most of our gay companions here and there mixed up in the crowd, but not a familiar face was to be seen. Later, in my lonesome meanderings down State street I encountered Will Parks, he was quite as sober as myself, (for his wife was with him) and he told me I would find most of the Hoosiers down across the street from Seigel & Cooper's big store. At the corner sat a darky, the sign he wore said he was both poor and blind. He was turning a plaintive hand organ, and singing that "latest New York success" something about "My Poor Nellie Gray." I approached him for the purpose of securing a copy of his song for the Rensselaer band boys to play this week. It was an act of the most unselfish charity on my part. I never heard such a tune before, I did not think any of our Rensselaer town folks in Rensselaer had either. Incident-

tally I wished to compensate the poor darkey for the entertainment he had given me, and going further I wanted our home people to share the treat. I had bought the piece of music, and while the musician was rolling up his machine to play it again, in the exuberance of my appreciation I told him what I was going to do with it. He stopped winding, turned his sightless face up to mine and says, says he: "you going to let 'em Rensselaer fellows have dat piece? I've heard o' 'at ban'". You give 'at right back, hea is yo' nickle, boss can't stan' 'at, I don' need money 'at bad."

"But I bought it and paid you for it; its mine now, and since you are poor and needing money, I'll just take a dozen more so the boys can have enough to go round, and they'll give you credit for it, and also relate how you came to compose it and all that." Suiting the action to the word I reached down to pick up a handful, to count off my dozen, at same time jingled the coins under his nose. That's about as much as I can clearly remember, for, with a cavernous yell, beside which Simon Phillips on election night is but the chirp of a park swallow, he grabbed my leg, spilling me, organ box, darkey, coin, and sheet music on the pavement, my head in the fall striking the corner of a banana stand, adding oranges, bananas, cherries, confections, and gasoline lamps to the confusion. My head was bleeding from a gash over the left ear, which rendered me incapable of remembering all the darkey was relating to the police, than who had just turned in a riot call before dashing across to capture the offending Hoosier, but it was an incoherent jargon reflecting painfully upon the musical talent of the leading band city of the State of Harrison, Sim Coy, McCoy, McEwen and other statesmen. I was not given an opportunity to make explanations: am waiting now, is why I have time to relate it in advance to you.

I have been thinking—I am anxious for news from Rensselaer. If any of my folks come in from the farm across the raging Iroquois inquiring for me, be kind enough to tell them I fell, and how I fell, not as others of our crowd, for I reckon they all got home, and did they bring some of that new music for our band? I hope so, as I wish to get even with that coon after all my christian endeavor. If any further testimony is needed as to my personal conduct so far as our crowd were capable of judging, you are referred to any I have named, and in addition there's my good friends, A. Lewis, Francis Sunderland, Henry Vincent, Vern Robinson, Ollie Rhodes, Ed Duvall; then there's Frank Malloy, I was really on the search for him, with hopes for a sufficient "tough" to carry me the balance of my evening's career. Dave Chatt and his guileless crowd were doing the whole town all at once so they didn't notice me. Not so with Schuyler Irwin, Henry Fisher, Lyman Lea and even that printer from your office. I feel sure he will speak a good word for me, and testify to my strict sobriety. There's lots more, but my head's aching so I can't recall them, but aside from the ball game, I think they all saw everything in Chicago to be seen that day, that I saw, and possibly some more, unless others of them are elsewhere about this station.

My wound is healing, but I don't like the smell around these cells. I'd rather bunk in Benny Fendig's junk shop in January, or be forced to loaf about the stores of some of Rensselaer's business men who don't advertise, and if something isn't done to get me out of here, by those I have so heroically defended, I'll tell you something in time for your next paper that by thunder will be interesting enough to print. Don't print this, please, I'm just writing to pass away time, and to let you know the facts, so you can in your own style correct any misleading rumors that may be circulated to injure my standing in my immediate home region, for if you should print anything of that sort on me, they'd rather believe it than not, they know

me down there and wouldn't do a thing when I get back. Let me hear from you by return mail.

Yours in confidence, REUBEN B. LAKE.

[Cell 18.]

P. S.—I guess the boys know where I am at, for I just got a letter from Mr. Ellis offering all the help I need, but for me to visit Little Egypt's managers and secure an early date for her in Rensselaer. He tells me she must be the real thing from what everyone says and for me not hesitate on prices. I will promptly comply. Say, if you see Tom McCoy or Drug Store Bennis you just say for me I am awfully sorry they were not along with me as they expected to be. I know they'd gone my bail. I saw lots of folks that know'd them; one or two cousins, and some real friends. I suppose decoration day exercises prevented their going on the excursion rate.—R. B. L.

### MEMORIAL DAY.

Fittingly Observed in Rensselaer Last Sunday.

Notwithstanding the blustery weather last Sunday and the Chicago excursion, a large crowd turned out to do honor to the fallen braves of '61 to '95.

The procession formed at the public square and started to Weston Cemetery at about 2 o'clock under the direction of the marshal of the day, Capt. R. W. Marshall, and his aids, Lieutenants D. H. Yeoman and J. C. Gwin.

The procession was formed and moved to the cemetery in the following order.

Junior Band, of Rensselaer, in new white uniforms. Women's Relief Corps. College band and battalion in uniforms. Daughters of Rebeca. Odd Fellows. U. R. Knights of Pythias. G. A. R. Post and old soldiers. Citizens in carriages and on foot.

At the cemetery the published program was carried out. Rev. D. A. Tucker made the principal address. He spoke from the standpoint of a soldier and as he had had four years experience in the service, his address was especially interesting.

After decorating the graves and firing the military salute the procession reformed and marched back to the city.

### Ready for To-Day's Band Contest.

All arrangements for to-day's band tournament has been made. A band stand has been erected under the arc light at the intersection of Washington and Van Rensselaer streets, where the various bands will contest for the prizes. Preparations have been made to feed the multitudes that will be here and no one need go hungry.

At this writing nineteen bands are expected to be here, making a total of about 175 players. Delphi will not be here, but the rest of the bands belonging to the association are expected to take part.

Let everyone give the boys a royal welcome and decorate their residences and places of business.

### The Trial Didn't Come Off.

Jim Rogers, who was sent to the penitentiary for two years for a nameless crime, and later was pardoned by the governor, had one of the chief witnesses against him arrested Monday on the charge of perjury.

James Davis was the party arrested, Rogers claiming that he offered perjured testimony at the trial, and upon which Rogers was convicted. The trial was brought before Squire Burnham Monday. The defendant's attorney asked for a change of venue and the case was sent to Squire Churchill, where the same was thrown out of court, on motion of the prosecuting attorney.

### Graduates with Honors.

Walter L. Willey, a former Rensselaer boy, has just graduated from the Indiana College of Law, at Indianapolis. He stood second in his class and carried off next to the highest honors.

Mr. Willey will locate at Ter Haute, where he has been offered a position with an old established law firm. He doubtless come rapidly front.